

# CHANDAMAMA

NOVEMBER 1972

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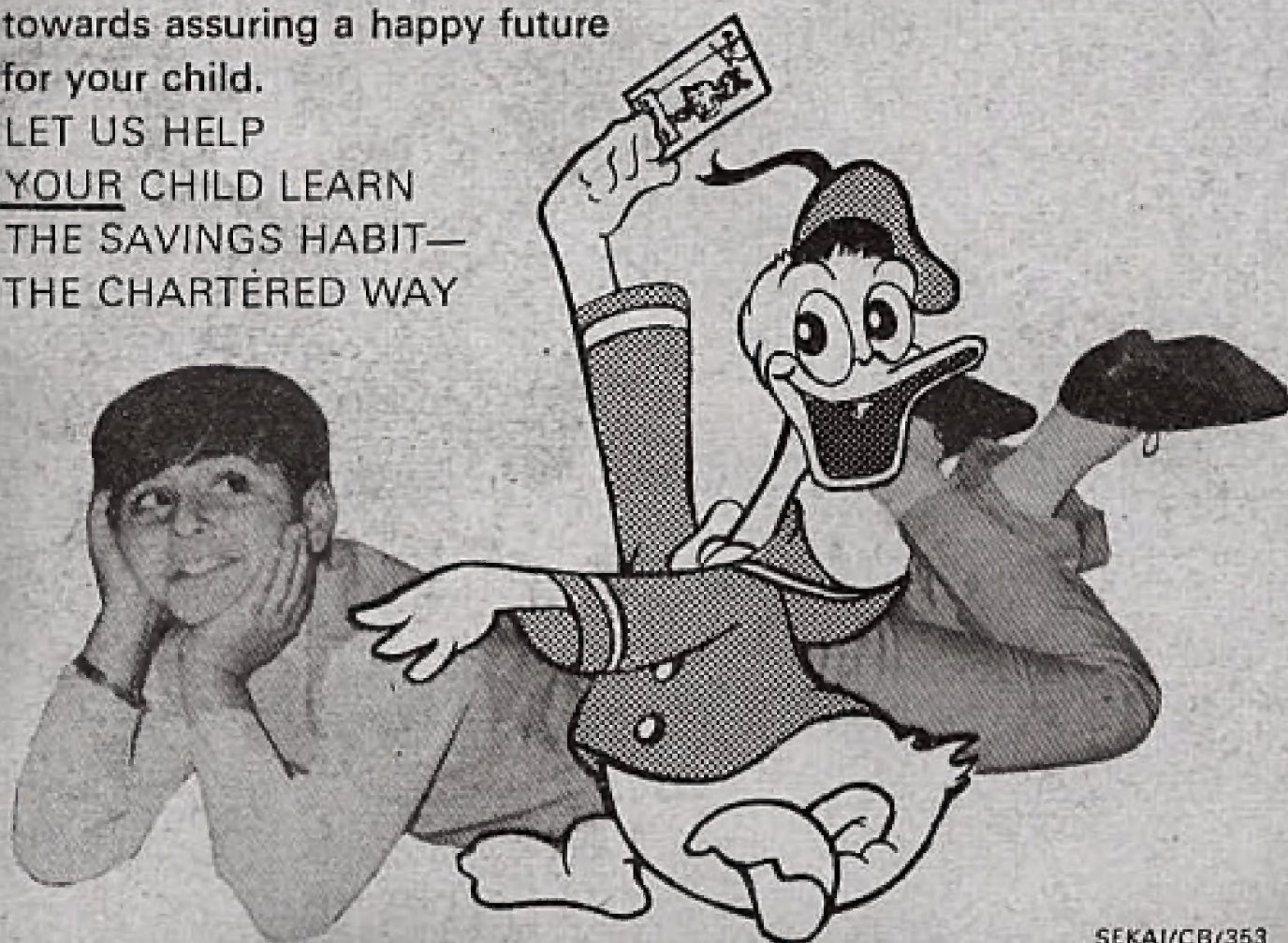
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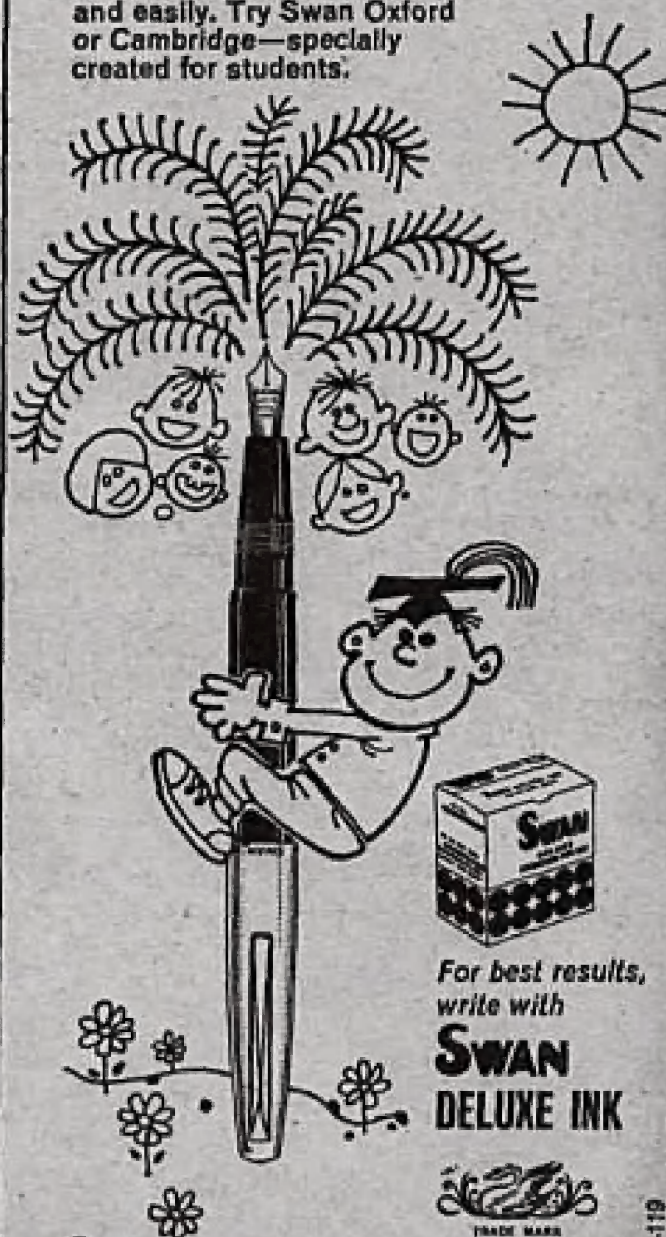
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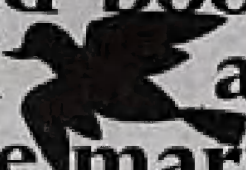










# Chiclets the fun chewing gum

Boy! Watch the  
trick he's doing  
That's how he puts  
the fun in chewing  
Let's yell,  
"once more,  
once more  
Give us Chiclets'  
flavours four."

LEMON  
ORANGE  
PEPPERMINT  
TUTTI-FRUTTI

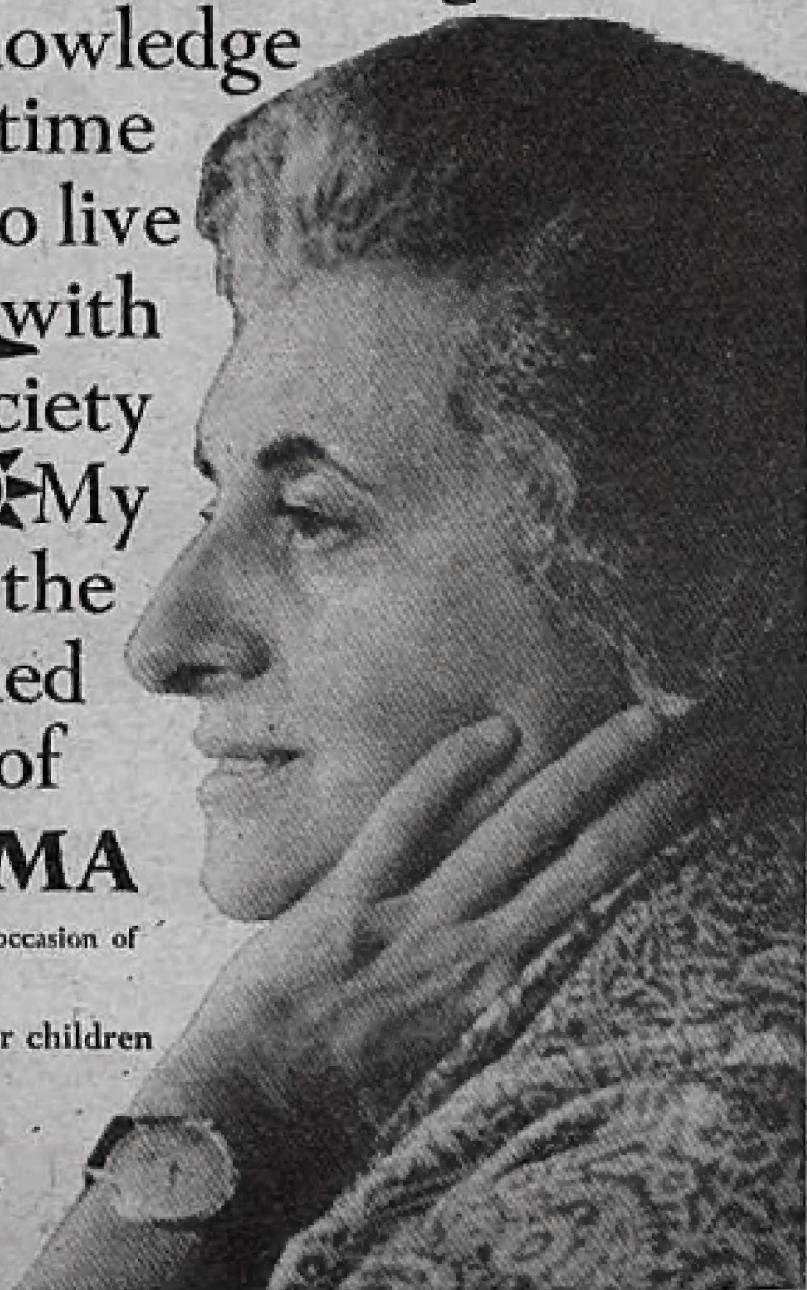


“Our children need books and  
 journals which will  awaken  
 their minds  to the marvels of  
 creation, and the living universe  
 of ideas.  Publications for children  
 must  arouse imagination, create  
 aesthetic awareness, encourage  
 the desire for knowledge  
 and at the same time  
 teach them  to live  
 in harmony  with  
 their own  society  
 and the world  My  
 good wishes for the  
 continued  
 success of  
**CHANDAMAMA**

A message from Smt. Indira Gandhi on the occasion of  
 Silver Jubilee of CHANDAMAMA

CHANDAMAMA a monthly magazine for children  
 where the old become younger  
 and the young grow older.

CHANDAMAMA is published in 10 languages  
 with over 4 lacs circulation.







# CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 3 No. 5 November 1972

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*May this  
Festival of Lights  
bring you every joy  
and future happiness*

With the festival season upon us, the Editor has scoured the world for good stories for you to enjoy. For example, there is the *Seven Crows*, a delightful story from Germany; *The Giant's Cauldron* is another Norse legend. From Arabia comes *Judar and his Brothers*; and from France, *The Ruby Ring*. Of course there are a number of grand Indian stories, as well as your old favourites, Robin Hood and Mahabharata.

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## **THE STORY OF THE COVER**



## **THE PIED PIPER**

Do you know the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin? He charmed all the rats in Hamelin with his sweet music and led them to drown in the river. But, when the mayor and councilmen refused to pay him, he played his magic flute once more and, leading all the children, disappeared for ever into the mountains. Robert Browning put this old story into a splendid poem called 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin,' and an old law in Hamelin forbids anyone to play a flute on that sad street, in case the Piper should ever return!

*Make sure of your copy of Chandamama by  
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# The Coconut Tree

Grandfather sat back in his chair trying to make sense of a rather incoherent story little Radha was telling him of a neighbour's son, who spent his time getting other children into trouble.

"What you mean," grandfather said with a smile, "Is that this boy deliberately gets other children into trouble, by telling falsehoods.

"That's what I have been telling you," Radha said rather indignantly.

"People who go around making mischief in this way, are really wicked," grandfather said. "It reminds me of the story of the tale-bearer and the coconut."

"Please tell us the story," Radha cried, clapping her hands.

This story goes back many centuries, said grandfather, and it took place in Burma, which was then ruled by a king, who ruled the people justly and wisely.

One day, three criminals were brought before the king to be tried and sentenced. The first was accused of stealing food from the market place. The king said the man obviously stole because he was hungry and had no money. So the king ordered that the man be given work as a road-mender.

The second person was a woman accused of being a witch



who cast spells on people she did not like. But the evidence was so confusing, the king ordered the woman to be set free.

The third case was a man accused of malicious slander. When the prosecutor announced that the man had been convicted many times in the past for the same offence, the king glared at the prisoner, and in a stern voice announced that mercy could not be shown to such an incorrigible rogue, and ordered the man to be taken outside the city walls and be beheaded.

As it so happened, the following morning one of the court officials was walking by the

place of the execution, and was surprised to see the man's head lying on the ground.

As he turned away in disgust, the head called out. "Go and tell your king he knows nothing about justice."

The official took to his heels and ran, and didn't stop running until he reached the palace, where he poured out his story to the king. At first the king refused to listen to such an unlikely tale, but the official swore that he was telling the truth, and demanded that the king send one of his ministers to the place of execution to verify the truth.

In the end the king sent his





chief minister to find out the truth. The minister on his return said. "The head is certainly there Your Majesty, but it certainly cannot talk. So I am afraid this official is the victim of his own imagination".

But the king was livid with anger that a court official should be guilty of telling such a story and ordered that the official be taken to the same spot and suffer the same fate as the criminal.

The poor official was immediately taken to the place of execution, and as his head was struck from his shoulders, the criminal's head called out. "As in life, so in death I can still cause trouble."

When the king heard of this, he realised that the official had spoken the truth and it has cost him his life. The repentant monarch ordered that the head of the criminal be buried to the depth of two fully grown men, so that it could cause no further harm.

This was done, but within hours a miracle occurred. A tree grew on this spot, and it reached its full height in a day. It was a coconut tree, and ever afterwards the people called the coconut tree the tale-bearer's



tree.

To end his story grandfather said. "That is why children, a tuft is always left on top of the coconut. For underneath that tuft are the two eyes and the mouth of the tale-bearer. And if we remove that tuft then that old tale-bearer will start making trouble again."

### RIDDLES

1. What can you lose without ever owning?
2. Why cannot a man's head be 12 inches long?
3. What coloured letters are nice to eat?

### ANSWERS

1. Your way home. 2. Because it would then be a foot. 3. Green p's (peas).





**"May those worthless and idle  
sons of mine be changed into  
black crows!" exclaimed the nobleman.**





# THE SEVEN CROWS

Many, many years ago, in a castle on top of a steep hill, there lived a nobleman and his wife. They had seven fine, strong sons and the lord and his wife were very proud of their family, but both of them wished that one day they would be blessed with a daughter.

That Summer, their wish was granted and a little girl was born, but the lord and his lady were not happy, for the child was pale and weak and they were afraid that she might die before the night had passed. The nobleman called his seven sons before him and asked them to ride as fast as they could to the nearest doctor. Off went the seven sons in search of a doctor, galloping as fast as they could.

One hour, two hours, three hours passed by without any sign of the seven boys returning. The nobleman paced up and down the room, muttering to himself and wondering where his sons had got to. At last, his patience exhausted, he exclaimed, "May those worthless and idle sons of mine be changed into black crows. They have kept me waiting long enough!"

No sooner had he spoken than the air was filled with the sound of beating wings and rushing to a window the lord saw seven black crows fly over the castle and disappear. The nobleman realised that it was his seven sons who had flown over the castle. From that moment on he could never for-



give himself for having put such a curse on his beloved sons. As for the baby, she surprised everybody by growing up into a healthy and beautiful girl, but she knew nothing of the fate that had befallen her brothers, for the nobleman forbade everybody to talk about that terrible night.

On the little girl's eleventh birthday, she visited a neighbour's castle and there an old woman, who worked in the kitchens, told her what had happened to her brothers and how they had changed into black crows and flown away. The little girl had not realised that she had seven brothers. "It was my fault that my brothers were changed into crows, so it is up to me to find them," she thought to herself.

She rushed back to her parents and told them that she must go in search of her brothers and when they saw how determined she was, they sadly agreed to let her go.

Early the next morning she left the castle and started the long search for her brothers. Over mountains and streams she travelled, through thick forests and across wide, flat

plains, but not once did she see seven crows. One day, when she was almost on the point of giving up her search she noticed a trap on the ground. Caught inside the trap was a black crow. "Perhaps it is one of my brothers," she thought as she struggled to open the trap. At last the bird was free and as it flew out of the trap there was a flash of light and standing before the little girl was not a bird, but a beautiful fairy. "Thank you for rescuing me," said the fairy. "As a reward for your kindness I will tell you where your brothers are. Listen very carefully. In a castle on top of a mountain, not very far from here, lives a wicked wizard. He was the one who changed your brothers into crows, for he wished to make your parents unhappy, and he keeps the crows locked up inside the castle. Guarding the castle are knights in armour and they will stop anyone trying to enter."

The little girl thought it was impossible to rescue her brothers and she sat down and began to cry, but the fairy princess said, "Do not cry, for here I have a magic crow's feather which will open the





**"It was my fault that my brothers were turned into crows," thought the little girl.**

castle doors and also make the guards go to sleep if you touch them with it."

"Thank you very much," said the little girl and she hurried away to the castle on the mountain. It was hard to

scramble up the steep side of the mountain but at last she reached the castle door and slipped the feather into the keyhole. Sure enough, the door opened and she walked in.

As quietly as she could, she



crept up behind a guard and touched him with the feather and almost immediately he fell asleep.

The little girl wandered on through the castle until she came to a great hall and in the middle was a long table set for seven people and laden with food.

"This must be where my seven brothers eat," thought the little girl. "I will wait here until they come in to dinner and then I can surprise them."

She sat down in one of the chairs and, feeling a little hungry, she ate some of the food. After her long and tiring search the little girl felt very tired and soon she had nodded off to sleep in the chair.

Suddenly she was awakened by the sound of beating wings and raising her head she saw seven black crows come flying

into the hall, past the sleeping guard. Cawing and flapping their wings the seven crows settled down at the table.

The little girl jumped from her seat and rushing round the table, touching each crow in turn with the magic feather, she broke the spell.

Her brothers did not recognise the little girl at first and it was not until she explained who she was that they realised that she was their long-lost sister come to rescue them.

"We must hurry away from here," said one of the brothers, "for the wicked wizard is due at any moment." Out of the castle they rushed, past all the sleeping guards and slipping and sliding they ran down the mountain.

Then laughing and dancing all eight children took the path that led home. What a surprise the nobleman and his wife had when they opened the castle door. All their eight children had returned safely home. The party held in their honour went on for days and days and everyone agreed that the story of the seven crows was one of the strangest things that they had heard of for a long, long time.



"Well, there's nothing the matter with your reflexes!"









# THE BRAVE LAD

In a far off village, there lived a donkey which belonged to the local washerman. Often, it would go to the near by forest to graze. There, strangely enough it became friendly with a tiger.

One day the ass and the tiger had a friendly argument. Who was the stronger of the two? The argument waxed long and fierce. Finally, the tiger said, "Lets fight. He who wins shall be declared the stronger." The ass readily agreed to this.

Next day, the tiger appeared with his claws well sharpened. The ass came with its body swathed in clothes which made it soft all over.

The fight commenced and, well, the tiger lost! You know why? Well his claws got caught in the clothes and stuck fast. So he couldn't strike the donkey at all. A little boy had watched this strange combat from atop a tree. When the fight ended in a defeat for the tiger, the animal looked up and saw the boy.

The tiger snarled and said, "Hey, little boy, don't let out what happened here today. If you do, I'll gobble you up." The little fellow promised not to tell anybody and ran home. He was so frightened that he hid in a large jar in the house. The



tiger distrustful of the boy's promise followed him home and hid in a corner. At night the boy's mother discovered her son hiding in the jar. She asked him what he did there. So the boy related all that had happened. His mother consoled him and said, "Don't be afraid. We'll all sleep round your bed, so the tiger won't be able to touch you." Soon everyone in the house knew about the tiger's defeat at the hands of the ass. The tiger became furious at the treachery of the boy.

At night everyone in the house slept round the boy. Soon they were all fast asleep. The tiger left his corner, padded past the sleeping ones and crept

under the cot of the boy. Then he lifted the bed ever so gently and made off with it into the jungle. The rocking of the cot woke up the boy and he found to his dismay that he was on the tiger's back. But he was a brave lad and quickly tied the hanging strands of rope round the tiger's neck. The tiger, intent on carrying the lad did not notice this. As soon as the animal passed under a huge tree, the boy grasped a hanging branch and swarmed up the tree.

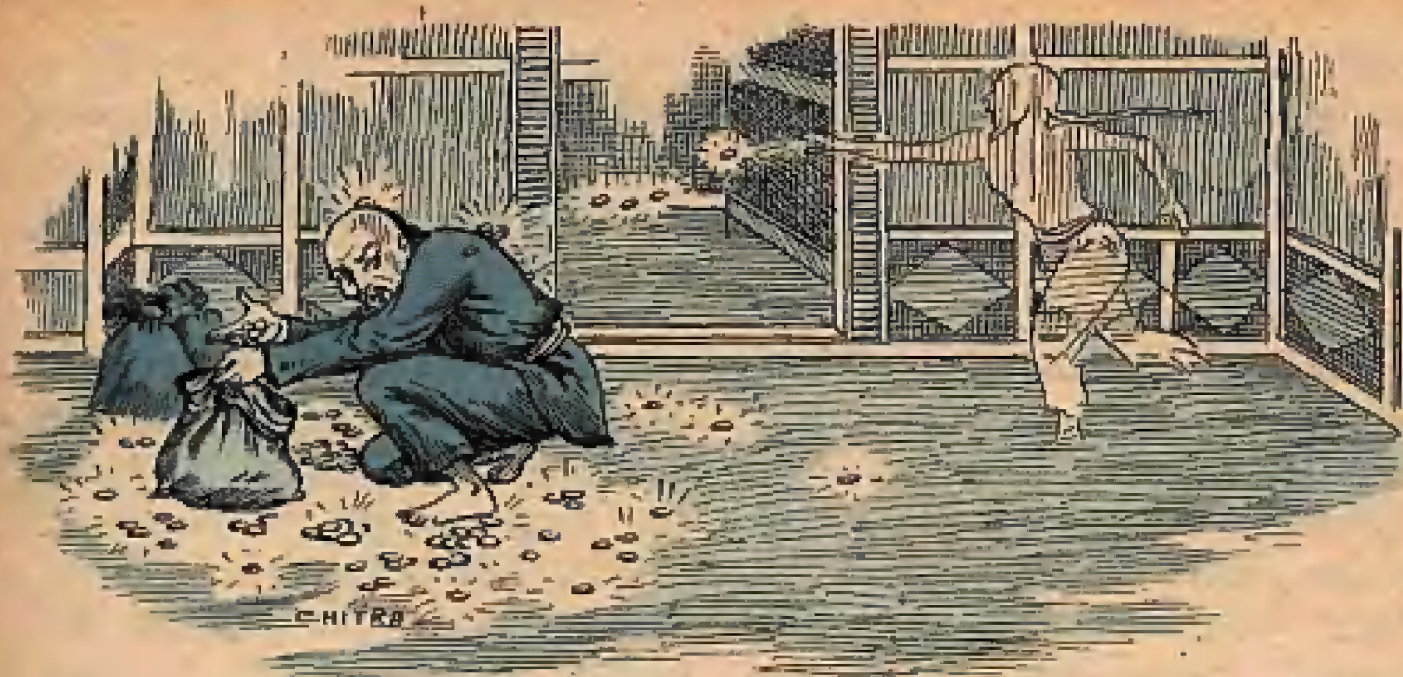
The tiger padded on and reached a deserted well. When he tried to tip the cot into the well, he lost his balance and fell in himself and was drowned. The lad clambered down the tree and ran home happily.

### HOW FAR CAN BUTTERFLIES FLY?

Butterflies from North Africa, which is over 1,000 miles away, have been found in Great Britain. So also have specimens from several Mediterranean countries. There must be hidden strength in the wings of these dainty insects.







# THE GHOST

Long ago, in China, there lived a man called Wong. One day he died and became a ghost. Then he began to haunt the house in which he had lived formerly. People around never saw him, but they used to hear weird sounds. Sometimes, stone chips and sand fell on the house, creating a veritable racket in the night.

Now a man called Wu came to live in that house. Wong, the ghost began to torment him in the usual fashion, by pelting stone chips and sand at him. Wu was not afraid in the least. He stood this treatment for some time, hoping that the ghost would get tired and

stop its activities. But not Wong who when he was alive had been a man of great energy.

Tired of the ghost's antics at last, Wu decided to turn all this into his favour. One night, he cried out aloud, "Thank you Wong. You have been kind. At least you use only stone chips and sand. What would have happened to me if you had used heavy gold and silver coins!"

Wong, the ghost flew into a rage at these words. So he began to rain gold and silver coins on Wu.

From that day on, Wu never lacked for anything. He grew wealthy and prosperous.





Robin Hood had been rescued from Nottingham market place by his men from Sherwood Forest. Most of the outlaws managed to escape from the town, but as Robin followed he saw one of his men lying badly hurt.

As he dismounted to help his wounded man, a warning cry sounded and Robin spun round in time to see a Norman knight riding at him. "Fly for your life, Robin," shouted the wounded man, but Robin glancing round saw the wounded man's bow and arrows on the ground. Hastily, he snatched them up.



The Norman knight was riding furiously, straight towards Robin, and in another second he would be near enough to strike with his great battle-axe. Coolly Robin fitted an arrow to his bow and took aim.





Twang! Robin shot his arrow at the on coming knight, and his aim was true. The knight, however, was quick to see his danger, and brought up his shield. The speeding arrow struck the shield and the impact made the horseman reel.

The knight managed to stay in his saddle and he thought he could charge up on Robin before another arrow could be shot at him! But no other man in England could shoot so fast and accurately as Robin, and the Norman stood no chance, for the second arrow struck him on the shoulder and knocked him off his horse.





The Norman knight was now out of the fight. His horse would have raced off in terror, but Robin quickly leapt forward and grasped the bridle, holding on for dear life until the startled animal was quietened down.



This was indeed a stroke of luck. Robin badly wanted a second horse so that the wounded man could escape with him from Nottingham. As quickly as he could, he helped the wounded man into the saddle and sent him off.

In spite of the pain of his wounds, Robin's friend went riding away out of the market place as fast as possible. When he was sure that his friend was safe, Robin had to find his own horse and start the ride back to the forest.







Everything seemed quiet, but unknown to Robin, there was danger all around. A Norman soldier, high on a roof, saw him and took careful aim at Robin's back with his deadly crossbow. "I cannot miss him now," he thought.

"I will never get a better chance than this," the soldier thought to himself. But all of Robin Hood's men had not left the city. Little John was still there and he had seen the danger. He came climbing over the roof-top behind the Norman.



Unaware of his peril, Robin Hood rode on his way while the soldier steadied himself for the shot. "I must make sure of my aim," the soldier thought. But before he could shoot, Little John swung his fist and sent the soldier flying.





The clatter of the Norman's fall made Robin look back and he saw Little John on the roof. "What are you doing here?" he cried. "I ordered you to go back with the others." "I came back to look for you," laughed Little John. "Many thanks, friend," replied Robin. "But come down and let us be away from this place."



Little John had his horse close by, and the two outlaws were soon galloping out of the city. "Are you quite sure none of our men are left in the city," asked Robin. "We are the only ones," replied Little John, as they raced across the fields to Sherwood Forest, where the Sheriff's men would not find their hide-out easily.







That night there was much merry-making in the secret camp deep in the forest. Back in Nottingham Castle, however, the Norman baron Robert the Wolf was far from happy. He had been wounded in the fighting and that angered him. What was worse, Robin Hood had got away. "Fetch that fool Sheriff!" he shouted.

The Sheriff had been wounded too. He trembled before the wrath of Robert the Wolf, who raved. "Robin Hood has got away and it all your fault. You have got to do something about it or you will be Sheriff of Nottingham no longer!"



**ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE**





# MAHABHARATA

*The Story so far.....*

Much to the chagrin of King Dhritarashtra, and the Kaurava Princes, headed by Duryodhana, the Pandava princes completed their twelve years of exile in the forests. Now the Pandavas had to remain in concealment for one year, and for this, they decided to take menial service at the court of Virata, King of the Matsyas.

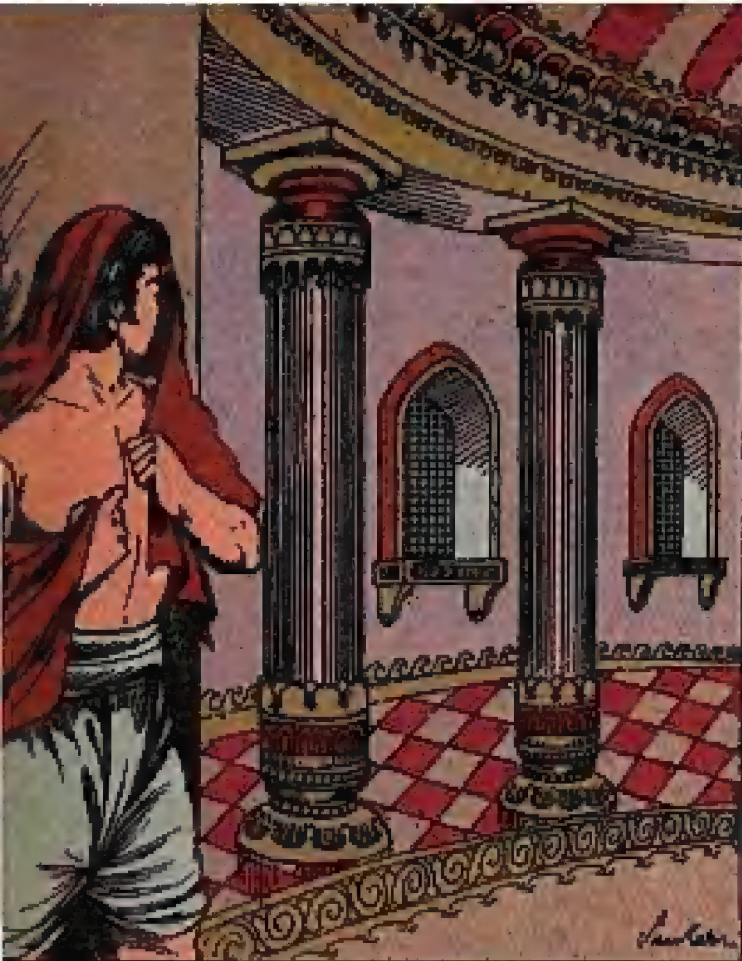
Yudhishtira presented himself as a Brahman, skilled in dice and became a courtier of the king. Bhima entered the king's service as a cook. Arjuna taught the women of the royal household, singing and dancing. Nakula became a keeper of the king's horses, and Sahadeva took

charge of the cattle. Draupadi disguised herself and served the queen as a servant.

All went well until Kichaka, brother of the queen and commander-in-chief of the army, decided he must marry Draupadi. Kichaka pesters Draupadi who begs the king for protection, in vain, and Bhima vows that he will kill this tyrant Kichaka.

Next morning Kichaka boasted before Draupadi. "See, what happened yesterday? I showed you how powerful I am. Could anyone save you yesterday? None dare defy me. Now you know who is truly king of this land! So you must do as





**Bhima waits to ensnare Kichaka.**

I say. Marry me, and you shall live like a Queen.

Then Draupadi looked at him and in a low voice said, "Sir, if you want to marry me, then you must respect some of my wishes. We can only meet in secret. Neither the King nor the Queen must suspect us, and for my part, I shall not tell my divine protectors anything, because if they know they will surely kill you." Kichaka could hardly believe his ears. This proud woman was to be his at last. Eagerly he said, "Good. Where shall we meet?"

Draupadi replied, "In the dance hall: No one comes there

at night. We can meet there. To-night I shall expect you there." Kichaka, humming happily to himself went back to his apartment.

Then Draupadi ran to the waiting Bhima and informed him of the night's tryst. Bhima roared mightily and said, "I shall kill this monster. If he dies, then the power of this land will be reduced. His death will be a warning to all other wrong-doers. Then no one will ever trouble you with his unwelcome attentions."

As the evening shadows lengthened, Kichaka and Bhima waited eagerly for the night, each for a different reason. At the hour of midnight, when everyone was fast asleep, Kichaka arose, and putting on all his finery, crept like a thief to the dance bower. In the darkness of the hall, he could just see a motionless figure on the bed. Tiptoeing silently he reached the side of the bed and softly rubbed one outflung arm. "Ah! I shall give you whatever you desire. A thousand maidens will attend to your wants," he whispered.

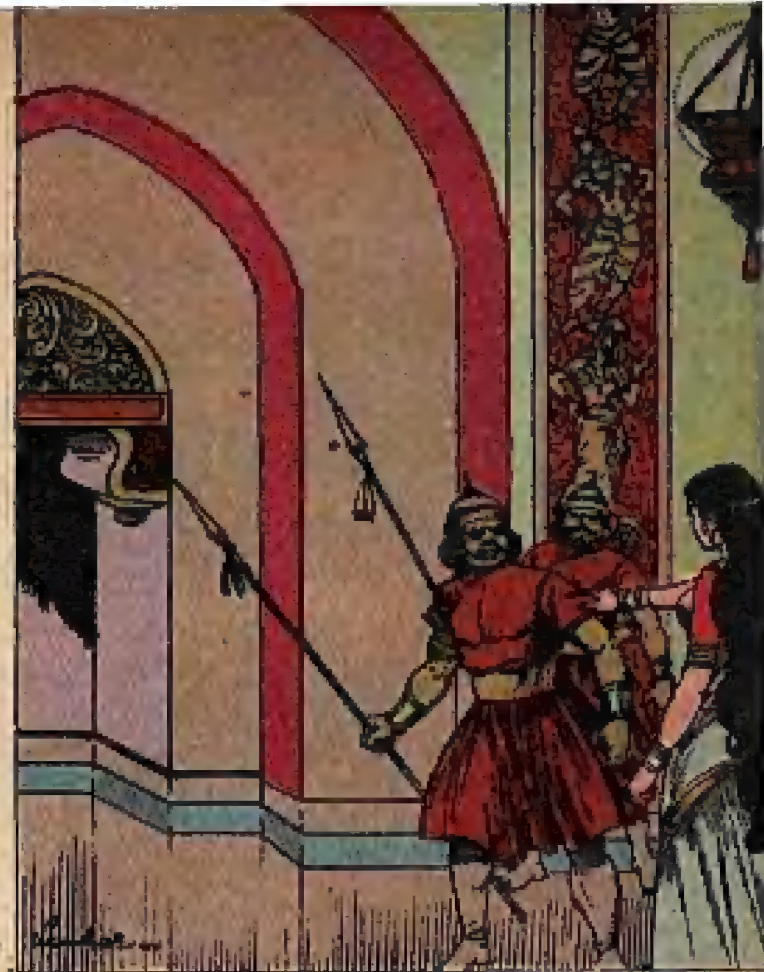
At these words, the figure on the bed sat up and an arm like iron fell on Kichaka's shoulders.



"So you will give me whatever I desire! I desire nothing better than your life," angrily retorted Bhima and seized Kichaka by his flowing locks.

Kichaka realized that he was trapped. An immensely strong man was pinning him down. What a fool he had been to come! Bhima caught him by the waist, lifted him and threw him heavily on the ground. Kichaka got up slowly and rushed at Bhima. But that redoubtable Pandava warrior gave no quarter. In a trice, he kicked Kichaka hard in the stomach, and followed it up with a vicious karate chop on the unguarded neck. Then raining blows on Kichaka, he snapped his neck and the latter crumpled on the ground like a lifeless doll, his head rolling on one side. Then Bhima called Draupadi and said, "There, there is the man who insulted you, now be happy. Let everyone know that those who misbehave with you will share a similar fate."

Draupadi feeling very happy rushed out of the dance hall and told the guards to go and see for themselves what had happened. The news of Kichaka's horrible death spread



**Draupadi informs the guards that Kichaka is dead.**

all over the palace and his kinsmen gathered to lament over his mangled body. When they saw Draupadi, their anger knew no bounds.

"This woman is the cause of cousin Kichaka's death. Let us burn her alive on the funeral pyre of our cousin," they shouted. Then they went to the king and sought his assent for their foul deed. The king agreed and Kichaka's brothers, dragged Draupadi to the cremation grounds. The hapless woman cried out forlornly to the Pandavas to save her from this awful fate. Her des-





**Kichaka's followers plan to put Draupadi to death.**

pairing cry reached Bhima and quickly disguising himself, he rushed to the cremation grounds. Then uprooting a large tree, he charged the hundred and five strong clansmen of Kichaka. When they saw his savage onslaught, they began to run helter, skelter, shouting all the while that Draupadi's divine protector was killing them—shaking with fear, they began to run towards the palace gates. But Bhima pursued them and made short work of them. Then he comforted Draupadi and went back to the royal kitchen.

Eyewitnesses to the massacre of the hundred reported to the king the gruesome details. "Oh! King," they said, "This Draupadi is not only possessed of a fatal charm, she has powerful protectors who destroy everything in their path. We tremble lest they destroy the city also."

The king grew uneasy at these words and after arranging for the disposal of the dead, sought out his Queen. He said to Sudeshna, "Oh, Queen, I am afraid of what might happen to us if your maid's divine protectors turn their wrath on me. Therefore, go and request her to leave this palace. But mark you, behave respectfully, lest she be annoyed again."

The ladies of the palace looked at Draupadi with new respect in their eyes. Her fame spread all over the land, and many avoided her out of fear.

Even Bhima, the royal chief, to keep up appearances, bowed low before her and asked in a solemn voice whether it was true that an aerial sprite had saved her from dishonour. Draupadi replied that it was indeed true. Then she walked back to her boudoir. There Arjuna, now in the guise of a



danseuse spoke to her. "Is it true, he asked, that a powerful protector saved you from dishonour?"

Draupadi retorted rather sharply "Thank God for that divine sprite. Else I would have fallen into the clutches of an evil man. In any case, what do you care? You are having a merry time dancing and singing!"

Then Arjuna mollified her by saying that he was always thinking of her sorrows and was ever ready to come to her rescue.

Queen Sudeshna sent for her

maid, and repeated what the king had said. She must leave the land at once. Then Draupadi implored her to wait for another thirteen days. After that her five protectors would escort her out of the land.

Kichaka's glory death at the hands of a divine sprite became known in all the land. The king of Matsya became despondent at the thought that he was no longer powerful and therefore an easy prey for his enemies.

At the same time, elsewhere Duryodhana's spies were trying

**King Virata orders Sudheshna to send Draupadi away.**









hard to discover the whereabouts of the exiled Pandavas. But all their efforts proved futile. They thought that the Pandavas were dead. Then they passed on to Duryodhana, the news of Kichaka's strange death and the destruction of the hundred and five at the hands of a divine sprite. Meanwhile, Duryodhana called an assembly of his kinsmen and courtiers. He declared before them, "The exile of the Pandavas will end in a few days. But we must discover their whereabouts immediately, otherwise they will claim my throne. If they are found within this period, then we can send them again to their exile in the forest."

Karna and Duhsasana

declared that spies should be sent to the four corners of the earth to find the Pandavas. Drona opined that the Pandavas were dead. Bhishma said wisely, "Wherever the Pandavas are, there the land will be prosperous and happy. The people will be good and rain will fall during the proper season. Find out which land that is, and you will have found the Pandavas."

Kripacharya, however hinted at dire consequences. He said, "If the Pandavas return from their exile on schedule, then Duryodhana must give back the kingdom to them. If he refuses to do so, then war will follow. Therefore, we must prepare for war."



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Chandamama Magazine,  
Madras-26.

## Result of Photo Caption Contest in September Issue

The Prize is awarded to

Miss Heather Gaudoin

17/1 Elliott Lane

Calcutta-16

Winning Entry — 'Teasing Height' — 'Pleasing Sight'



SCIENCE  
METHANE



SCIENCE  
HELIUM



SPORTS  
BOXING



SPORTS  
BOXING





## SCIENCE

### HELIUM

**H**ELIUM was first discovered in 1868 in the sun's corona. This is the reason for its name, as *helios* is the Greek for sun.

It was first discovered on the earth, however, in 1895 by William Ramsay.

In fact, it is quite widespread although the main supplies of the world's helium come from natural gas wells in the U.S.A.

It is also produced by radioactivity and is important in the nuclear activity of stars. The energy of the hydrogen bomb is caused by the fusion of hydrogen into helium.

It is an extremely light element, although not quite as light as hydrogen. Unlike hydrogen, however, it is non-flammable. Because of this, it was used for balloons and airships in place of hydrogen.

## SPORTS

### BOXING

**C**ASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY was born in Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A., and became the world heavy weight champion on 25th February, 1964, when he beat the then champion, Sonny Liston.

His victory surprised the world although his record up till that time had been good. He had been an Olympic Games light heavy weight champion.

He had formed the habit of forecasting the results of his fights and also of the rounds in which his opponents would be defeated. Most of his forecasts were correct.

In 1964, Cassius Clay joined the Black Muslims and became Muhammed Ali.

## SCIENCE

### METHANE

**M**ETHANE is a gas and, in fact, is a constituent part of coal gas. It is given off by decaying vegetation and, as a result, is often found in coal beds. It is also known as firedamp and can often be extremely dangerous.

Since it collects in the pores of coal beds, it can be released by a drill or a pick or even by a fall of coal. When it is diluted with air, it can easily explode, if it is ignited.

Miners can be killed either by being burnt, by the explosion itself or by carbon monoxide poisoning. Carbon monoxide is formed by the partial burning of the gas.

Methane can also be released due to a drop in the barometric pressure. For this reason it is important for miners to know the weather forecast.

## SPORTS

### BOXING

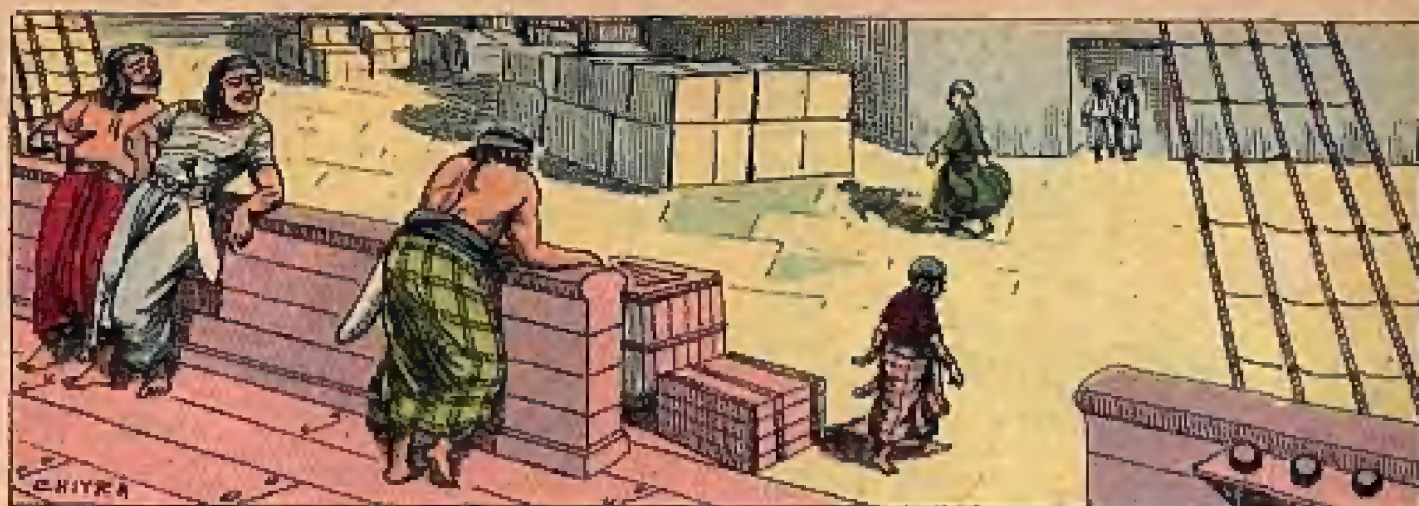
**O**THER men are involved in boxing contests besides the fighters themselves. Among the most important of these men are seconds and referees.

Nowadays, refereeing is a strictly professional business. In order to get a referee's licence, a man must pass both written and practical exams.

The number of seconds allowed to a fighter is fixed. If the fight is more than six rounds, he is allowed four seconds. If it is under six rounds, he is allowed two seconds.

The great value of the seconds is their ability to treat any cuts which their man may have sustained. If there is a great deal of blood pouring into a man's eyes, he is unable to see very well and, as a result, cannot defend himself adequately.





# NOT SO DUMB

The captain of the ship "Dragon" strode up and down the deck in an ill-humour, bawling orders to all and sundry. It was past sailing time and still there was some cargo to be stowed below. Delays cost money and as the captain was part owner, the loss of any money, even a solitary rupee, was a catastrophe. Still, this voyage to Singapore and Borneo should yield a good profit, and he had managed to sign on a crew at cheap rates.

One of the seamen he had signed on, was Maung, a burly Burmese hillman, who was as strong as an ox, but appeared to be quite simple minded. The

extent of Maung's conversation seemed to be a series of grunts, and the captain shrewdly thought it would be easy to levy a few fines on this oaf, and enrich his own pocket.

The voyage from Rangoon to Singapore passed without incident, although easy-going Maung was always the subject of the crew's jokes, but he took everything with his placid good humour and merely grunted.

When the ship docked at Singapore, Maung with vivid memories of the poor food on board, made straight for a food stall, and was soon sitting on the dockside enjoying his





make a good companion for his sister.

Striding on board, with the pup under his arm, Maung approached the captain and asked permission to keep the little dog on board.

"That's all right," said the captain. "There's plenty of junk on the dockside from which you can make him a kennel, and the cook will spare the little beggar some food."

When the ship eventually docked back at Rangoon, the seamen lined up to receive their pay, which the captain doled out as though he was loathe to part with the money. When Maung stepped forward to get his money, the captain shook his head. "I am afraid you have nothing to come," he said. "Your wages amount to eighty rupees, but your dog has cost me more than that for the food it has eaten."

Eyeing the captain keenly, Maung merely grunted, and with the little pup scampering behind him, walked off the ship.

Two weeks later, the ship was due to sail again, and the captain was surprised when Maung signed on again. What a simpleton, he thought. I shall soon

purchases. Before he had taken many mouthfuls, Maung discovered he had company. A small puppy dog, with pleading eyes was sitting at his feet, fairly asking for something to eat.

Maung, who loved all animals, was soon sharing his food with the pup, which gobbled everything up with the greatest of delight. When it came time to go back to the ship, Maung tried to shoo the pup away. But the little dog had now found a friend, and had no intention of parting with him. In the end, Maung thought it would be a good idea to take the pup back to Rangoon, as it would



think of the means to do him out of his pay.

It was noticed that on this trip Maung was wearing an ornate short sword. When asked why he needed a sword, Maung merely smirked and muttered, "This is a magical sword that can make money."

The crew laughed at such an absurd suggestion that a sword could make money. But little did they know that his was one of a matching pair, and the other sword was safely hidden in Maung's locker.

Several evenings later, Maung stood at the ship's rail, busy sharpening the blade of his sword, much to the amusement of the other members of the crew. Suddenly the sword seemed to slip out of Maung's hand, and fell into the water. "Bother," he shouted. "Tomorrow morning I will dive in and get it."

The captain who happened to be close by burst out laughing. "What an idiot you are," he exclaimed. "By tomorrow morning the ship will be miles away."

Maung looked keenly at the captain. "I will wager you one hundred rupees, that tomorrow at dawn I will dive over the



side and retrieve my sword."

The captain fairly gasped at the thought of such easy money. "It's a bet," he shouted. "At dawn tomorrow we will all be here to see you get back your sword, and I shall be ready to receive your hundred rupees."

At dawn the following morning, Maung came on deck, with the other sword carefully hidden under his clothing, and without a glance at the sniggering crew, Maung dived into the ocean.

A minute went slowly by, then two minutes, with everybody peering over the side. Then to everyone's surprise Maung's head broke the sur-



face, and firmly grasped in his mouth was the sword!

As Maung clambered on board, the other seamen, with their eyes popping out of their heads, looked at the sword and turning to the captain fairly whispered. "It's the same sword. Now you have to pay Maung a hundred rupees."

The captain was too stunned to utter a word. He knew he

had been hoodwinked. But how? Groaning inwardly, the captain delved into his pocket and slowly counted out a hundred rupees of his precious money, which he almost threw at Maung, accompanied with a look as black as thunder.

"Now my dog will have a nice red collar," chuckled Maung as he stowed his money away.



### **WHO WAS THE FIRST PIRATE?**

This is impossible to say. Piracy at sea has been going on long before recorded history. In the days of the Ancient Egyptians and Phoenicians, any ships with precious cargoes could expect to meet pirates, ready to take what they could. So every ship carried some kind of armaments like sling shots or catapults as well as fighting men to repel unwelcome boarders. In the old days, it was usual to attack the ships of other nations, steal the cargo and sell their crews into slavery. Pirates were stamped out when the nations were able to have navies to protect their vessels.





# MIDAS

Midas was the son of King Kortius. When he was a tiny baby, an incident occurred to show he would be a lucky fellow indeed. He was sleeping in his cot when a row of ants dragging wheat grains approached his face and dropped them near his mouth. Naturally, Midas woke up and cried when he found his mouth full of wheat grains. All those who saw this exclaimed in one breath that he would be very fortunate in life.

When he grew to manhood, he was crowned King of Phrygia. He was not exactly a model king, but nobody minded. He was not a very bright fellow either but was an ardent gardener. He loved to grow lovely flowers in his garden. Above all, he was mad about gold. He always

recalled the words of his mother who had said, "Son, you will have lots and lots of gold."

Midas wanted a lot of gold, but how to go about it? He could not fight because he was a coward, and he could not trade, because he did not have the brains for it. So that left only miracles, and Midas resolved that he would learn magic and discover gold. But there were no magicians in his land. So he set out from his kingdom in search of magicians.

In a certain forest which he happened to pass, he found a tribal village, the elder of which welcomed him warmly. So he stayed there and made friends with them. He became especially friendly with a flute player whose music could charm even the wild beasts. So much





so he boasted that he could play the flute better than Pan the god of Music. The latter heard this and arranged a competition between the two to decide who could play better. Midas was appointed the judge. But Midas decided in favour of the tribal player and so incurred the wrath of Pan, who said, "Oh! foolish mortal, you have slighted me and my divine music by judging in favour of the tribal flute player. Though you have ears, yet they are deaf to divine music. Therefore, you should not have human ears. From this day on, only a donkey's ears suit you."

Poor Midas discovered to his horror that he was indeed the possessor of a pair of fine, long, ass's ears. Ashamed to show them to his people, he wound a long cloth round his head and kept them covered. Next day his barber came to crop his head and discovered the hideous secret. The King gave him a lot of money and commanded him on pain of death not to reveal the secret to anybody.

The days merged into months, and the months into years. The barber was sorely tempted to reveal the king's condition to someone. If he did that, the king would cut off his head. So finally in desperation the barber went to a grassy knoll and kneeling amongst the grass whispered, "King Midas has a pair of donkey's ears." Then he returned home, relieved that his burden was gone.

The grass grew and waved its points in the air. As travellers passed by, they heard the swishing of the grass and the sibilant whisper which announced the truth about the king's ears. Then everyone in Phrygia knew the dreaded secret of the king and laughed at his folly.

Midas was shamed to the core. So entrusting the king-



dom to the care of his son, he went to northern Greece. There, nobody would notice his ass's ears. He built a grand palace there and planted a lovely garden.

In that region lived a band of hunters. They knew the magic arts. Sometimes they would enter Midas's garden and talk long and earnestly. The king tried to eavesdrop on them, but they always ran away when they saw him.

Midas decided to capture them through a simple trick. There was a fountain in his garden at which the hunters quenched their thirst. The king mixed some strong wine with the water. One day an old hunter drank the water from the fountain and promptly fell asleep. Midas carried him inside the house and kept him prisoner.

The old man, realising there was no escape for him, regaled the king with stories of the law. He spoke of the wealth of gold that lay in the mountains. Midas eyes glinted with greed. He requested the old man to take him where the gold was; and finally the two of them set out and after crossing many rivers, mountains and lakes came to



the mountain king's palace.

The king of the Hunters was very annoyed at Midas's presence there, but did not show his displeasure. Instead, graciously he said, "Oh! King, how fortunate I am that you have come to my land. Now tell me what you wish. I can grant it, for I am also a powerful magician."

Midas was waiting for just such an opportunity. So even before the other finished his words, he bounded up and said, "Whatever I touch must turn into gold."

The mountain king smiled



indulgently and said simply, "So be it."

Midas rubbed his tunic in joy and hey! Presto! it turned into glittering gold. He ran all the way back to his palace to test further the power of his wish.

He came home and touched the walls. They turned into gold. He touched his flowers. They became golden. He touched his table. It became gold. He touched his chair. It became gold. Whatever he touched was transformed into gold. Was he happy?

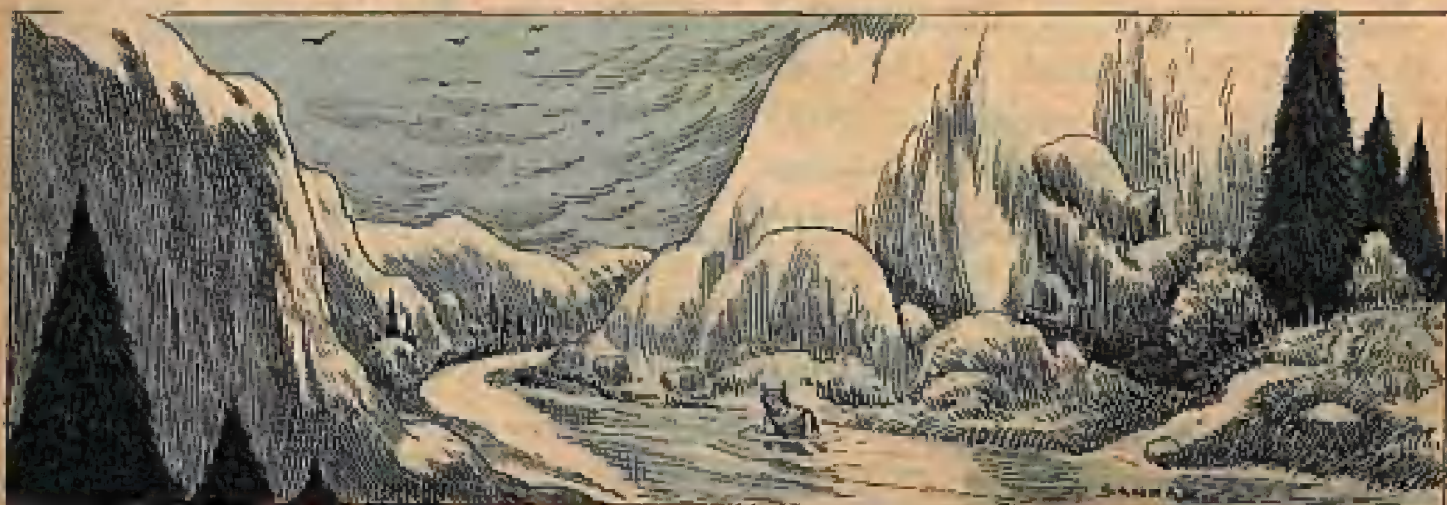
After all these exertions Midas felt very hungry. So he sat down at the dining table and hungrily reached for his bread. But alas! that too turned into gold. He touched every other item of food in succession and everything became glowing, glittering and

grand gold, gold, gold, gold, gold...

And then Midas realised the extent of his folly. No one can be happy with just gold. So back he ran to the mountain king, fell at his feet and implored him to take back his power.

The mountain king again smiled indulgently and said, "Oh! King, I knew you would be very unhappy with the power I gave you. You seem to have learnt your lesson well. Give up your greed for gold and untold wealth. Now, go and bathe in the mountain river and your power will leave you."

You can be sure Midas ran in double haste and plunged into the river. The river became a glittering field of gold, but foolish and greedy Midas felt the power drain out of his finger tips. At last, he had become like other normal men











One upon a time, Aegir, the god of the deep ocean, went to Asgard, the home of the other gods, to a great feast. He had such a good time that, in return, he invited all the gods to his own palace below the waves, for another feast at harvest-time.

"I can offer you plenty of food," he said, "but I am afraid I will not be able to offer as much to drink as you have done here, for I have only a small pot to brew the mead in."

All the gods agreed to drink

only a little mead when the visited Aegir—except Thor, the god of thunder. Thor said he did not enjoy a feast unless he could drink as much as he wished and refused to come without more mead.

"But where am I to find a larger pot?" asked Aegir. "Only if I had the pot of old Hymir, the giant, would I be able to brew enough mead for everyone."

"Well," replied Thor, "if that is all you need, you shall have it. I will fetch it for you myself. Who will come with me?"





Aegir invited all the other gods to his palace beneath the sea.

# THE GIANT'S CAULDRON

Tyr, the god of war, who had only one hand, offered to go with Thor, so they set out, Thor taking with him his huge hammer and his belt and gloves, which made him twice as strong when he wore them.

The two gods travelled to Jotenheim, the home of the giants and knocked on the door of Hymir's house, which was in a barren, rocky place near the sea. Jotenheim was a very cold place, always covered in ice and snow, so they were very thankful when Hymir's wife eventually opened the door. She invited them in, but told them to hide behind a row of cooking vessels which hung from a beam, until she had told her husband of their visit, for a glance from

his fiery eyes sometimes killed unexpected visitors.

When Hymir came in, with icicles rattling on his beard and hanging from his bushy eyebrows, his wife told him of the two gods from Asgard who had come to visit him. At her words, the giant turned angrily and glared in their direction and his glance made the beam split so that all the cooking pots fell to the floor and broke.

"Nobody from Asgard is welcome in the land of the giants," said Hymir, "but since you are already here, I will treat you as my guests." He then ordered his servants to roast three whole oxen and Thor was so hungry, that he ate the three of them himself.



"Tomorrow," Hymir frowned, "if you stay here, we will dine off what I catch myself in the sea."

Thor agreed. "I shall welcome a day's fishing," he said.

Next morning, Hymir dragged his boat down to the shore.

"Wait on the beach until I return with my catch," he told Thor, "for you are too small a person to go in my great boat and I am fishing for whales."

"I am fishing for something bigger," said Thor, darkly.

"In that case," the giant retorted, "you will need bait." Thor went to where the giant's herd of oxen grazed and killed the finest one for bait. The giant was very angry, but there was nothing he could do about it, because Thor was his guest. As he pushed the boat out, he said to Thor, "Of course, you would be frozen, if you went as far into the icy sea as I do."

"We shall see," replied Thor, jumping in after him.

Hymir rowed out to his fishing grounds and stopped, but Thor seized the oars and rowed even farther, until Hymir protested.

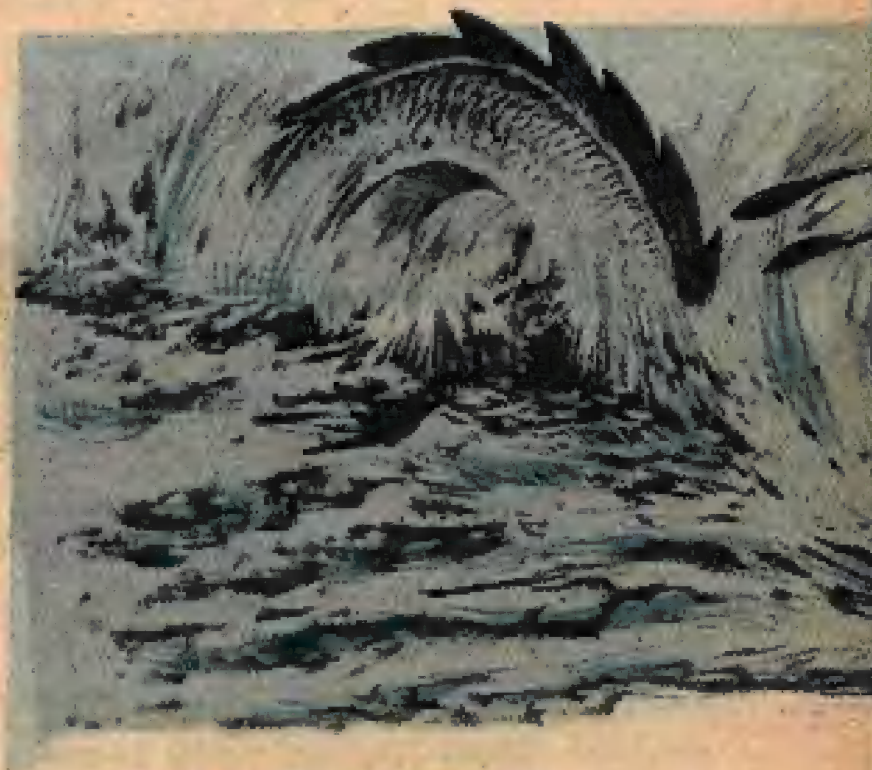
Then Hymir baited his hook and began to fish. Before long, he had caught two large whales.

"There is our supper," he said. "Now let me see you catch a fish."

Thor cast his line into the sea and when he felt something tugging on the end, he pulled.

"What is it, a sprat?" grinned the giant, but he did not laugh when, above the sea, by the boat, appeared the head of the mighty sea-serpent which encircles the whole world. The boat rocked violently.

"Quickly, hold the line," shouted Thor, but the giant was afraid and taking out his knife, he cut the line in two, allowing



Thor had caught the mighty sea-serpent on the end of his line.



the sea-serpent to sink back into the water. Angrily, Thor struck at the giant, but he missed and in silence, the two of them rowed back to the beach.

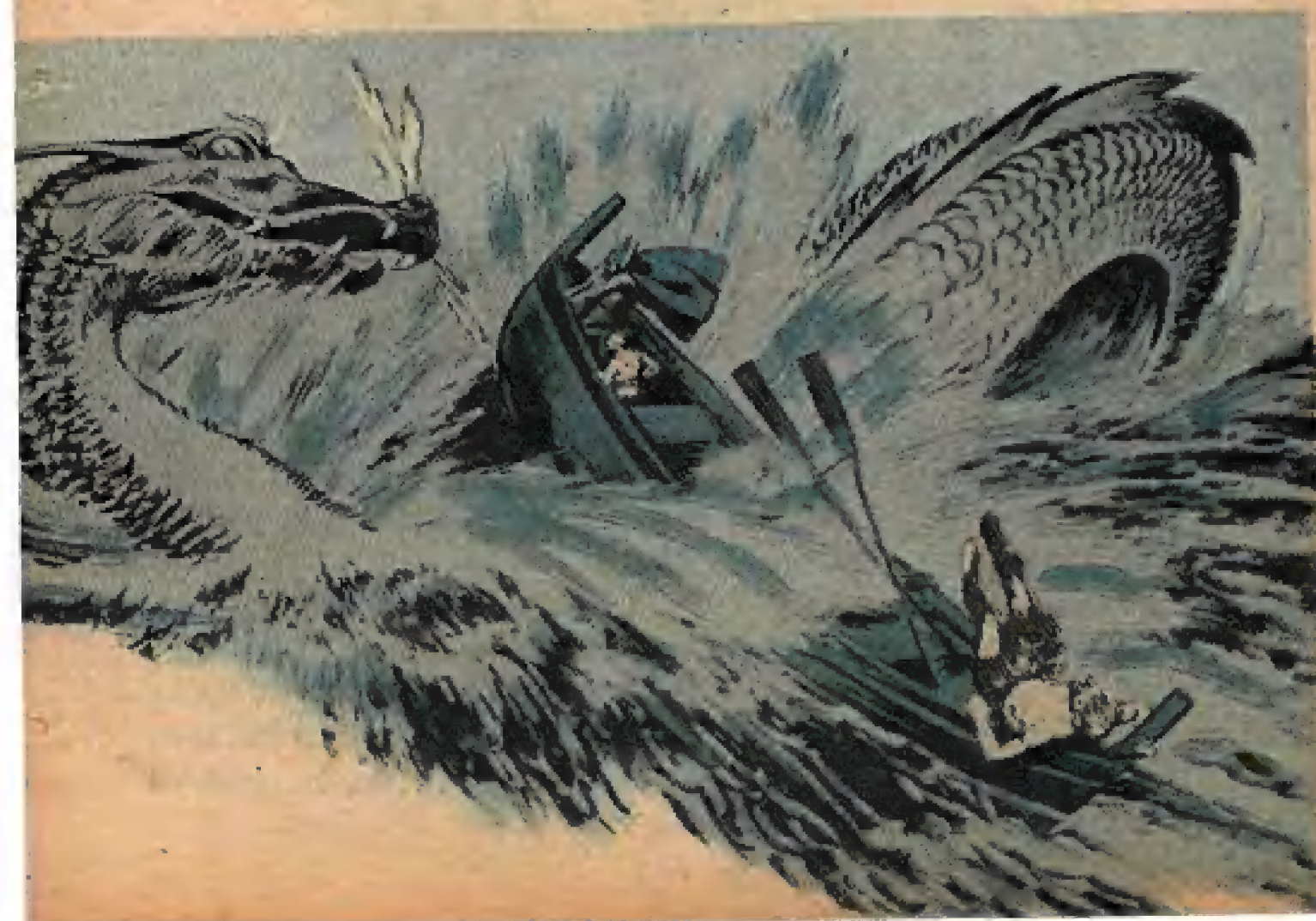
That night the giant said, as they sat eating, "You have proved that you can row and fish, but I call no man strong who cannot break my goblet."

Thor picked up the goblet and then smashed it down with all his might against the table top. Although the table top was slightly dented, there was no mark on the goblet. Thor picked up the goblet again and

this time flung it against one of the pillars, but the pillar just shattered into fragments. Thor picked up the goblet a third time and dashed it to the floor, but still it would not break.

Then Hymir's wife, who was filling up their glasses, whispered to Thor that the only thing harder than Hymir's goblet was Hymir's own head, so Thor struck the goblet across Hymir's head as hard as he could and the goblet shattered into a thousand pieces.

"I am sorry to lose my goblet, but you have proved your







The two gods set out to take the huge cauldron back to Asgard.

strength," said Hymir. "I will give you a fine gift. What do you want?"

"I would like the big pot, in which you brew your mead," replied Thor, "to take to the god of the ocean, for his feast."

"I was sad to lose the goblet and I shall be even sadder to lose the cauldron," said the giant, "but take it, if you can lift it." He smiled to himself,

sure that Thor could not carry such a heavy cauldron.

Thor took the huge pot by its rim and heaved it to his shoulders. Hymir was astonished.

"Come," said Thor to Tyr, "we must leave now," and they walked back over the rocky plains, to Asgard, where they gave the pot to Aegir, god of the ocean, for his feast.





# THE DESTITUTES

Our story takes us to a small village in Central India. It was a picturesque village, and though the inhabitants were mainly poor rural workers, they kept their humble abodes clean and in good repair.

On the outskirts of this village, was an old mission house and several years ago, a Buddhist monk took over the house and spent his time looking after the welfare of the village people.

Now right opposite the old mission house, were two small thatched cottages where two middle aged widows lived. One of the widows was a cheerful woman, who always had a kind word for everyone. But the other widow, had a mean and

selfish disposition and seemed to spend her whole time grumbling about everyone and everything.

One stormy evening, at the beginning of the monsoon, the selfish woman who was just about to eat her evening meal, was surprised to hear a knock on her door. Quickly hiding her plate of food in the kitchen, for she had no intention of sharing her meal with anyone, she cautiously peered out of the window, and saw that it was the old Buddhist monk standing at her door.

Her first thoughts were that the monk may be calling to beg or borrow something, but then she thought he might be bringing some little gift. Opening





the door she feigned surprise at the sight of the monk. "Come in, father," she said eyeing him suspiciously. "It is a pity I have already eaten my evening meal, otherwise it would have been a pleasure to share it with you."

"No, no my child," replied the monk with a smile. "I have only come here on an errand of mercy. There are two destitute women who sorely need help, and I wondered if you had an old blanket or some old clothes you could spare."

"How I wish I could help," she said in a doleful tone, all the time thinking of the lovely

blanket she had in the chest upstairs and the clothes she had stored away. "I am a poor woman, and have only one threadbare old blanket, and all the clothes I possess I am wearing. But I have a bundle of rags, which may help."

Without waiting for the monk to reply, she bustled into her kitchen, and returned with an armful of rags.

The old monk smiled as he took the bundle of rags. "Even these will be useful to a woman who has nothing." The selfish woman was glad when the monk went on his way, and thankful that his visit had only cost her a bundle of useless rags.

Making his way to the cottage next door, the old monk knocked and the door was promptly opened and he was greeted with a broad smile and a welcome greeting. "Come on in, father," said the cheerful woman. "It is going to be a stormy night, and you are just in time for a cup of coffee."

As the monk sat enjoying his coffee, he told the woman his sorrowful tale of the two destitute women.

"How terrible", said the woman in a sad voice. "Now I have a thick blanket that was



given me as a wedding gift. You can have that, and I have some clothes I shall never wear, and I am sure I can spare some food and an old cooking pot."

Cheerfully the woman went round the cottage, gathering all the things she could spare, and the table was soon laden with all manner of clothes, food and utensils. When it was all wrapped in her cherished blanket, it was certainly a hefty load.

"Do you think you can carry it?" asked the woman, looking at the huge parcel.

"I will manage," replied the old monk kindly, "and my child, you will never regret your generosity."

Later that night the storm broke in all its fury. The thunder roared, and a great shaft of lightning struck the two cottages. The thatched roofs went up in a blaze of flames, which soon engulfed the two cottages. The two women managed to escape from the inferno, but were unable to save a solitary thing.

As the two women stood and watched their homes burning to the ground, the selfish woman wailed at her loss, but the cheerful woman took her by the arm. "Come along to the mission house," she said. "The monk will give us shelter."

When the women reached the mission house, the old monk was standing on the verandah watching the two burning cottages. "Hurry inside, my children," he shouted. "My servant is preparing food and rooms for you to sleep."

After the two women had eaten and rested after their ordeal, the old monk in a kindly voice said, "Now I can return to you all the things you gave me earlier this evening."

"But what about your destitute women?" the cheerful woman asked.

"You are the destitute women," replied the monk quietly.

At this, the selfish woman thinking of her bundle of useless rags, burst into tears.



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# JUDAR and his BROTHERS

Judar lived with his mother and his two brothers, Ali and Ahmed and they were all very poor until Judar met the magician, Abdul Samad. Then, as a reward for helping him, the magician gave Judar a Magic Saddlebag. He had only to say

the magic words and he could take from out of the saddlebag as much food as he needed. Judar returned home with the saddlebag and for a time the family lived in great comfort, always well fed and well clothed.



The brothers found a sea-captain who agreed to help them get rid of Judar.





Judar's brothers were jealous of Judar's fine clothes and his new-found wealth and they kept watch secretly, to see if they could find out where it came from.

One day they saw Judar take the Magic Saddlebag, say the magic words and draw out of it silver dishes piled high with food. "We must get rid of Judar," said Ali to his brother. "Then we can take that saddlebag for ourselves and we shall be the rich ones, not Judar."

They went down to the harbour and found a sea-captain who agreed to help them to get rid of Judar, so that night, when Judar was asleep, the brothers led the sea-captain to his room. Judar awoke to find himself held fast and before he could cry out, one of his brothers had slipped a sack over his head. They

bound him hand and foot and carried him down to the harbour.

Next morning, the ship sailed away and Judar with it. He was taken to a pirate ship, which lay outside the harbour and there he joined a number of slaves who pulled the huge oars which rowed the ship.

Ali and Ahmed were sure that they had seen the last of their brother and they were very pleased, for now they could keep the Magic Saddlebag for themselves. There was only one difficulty. Which brother was to have it? The brothers quarrelled so long over it that they finally came to blows. The City guards heard them and dragged them before the Sultan for causing a disturbance.

The Sultan demanded to know what the quarrel was about and the brothers had to



tell him about the saddlebag. The Sultan asked to see how it worked and he was very pleased. "It is quite obvious that such a valuable saddlebag should be kept by someone more worthy than you," he said. "I shall keep it myself." Then he ordered the guards to put the two brothers in the dungeon.

In the pirate ship, Judar despaired of rescue, but one day a great storm blew up. One wave, greater than all the rest, struck the ship and dashed it to pieces. Judar was flung overboard, still clinging to the oar. When the storm cleared, he saw that he was near land and, hungry and weary, he waded ashore.

After a time he began to explore and he came to a road, along which he walked for a long distance without seeing anyone at all. Then, in the distance, he saw a man riding on a donkey. As the man drew nearer, Judar recognised his old friend, Abdul Samad.

"Greetings," called Abdul. "What brings you here?"

Judar told him what had happened and showed him the broken chains on his wrists, where he had been chained to the oar.

Abdul Samad sat down. He rubbed a ring on his finger and a huge genie appeared. Abdul ordered the genie to remove Judar's chains and bring them food and when they had eaten, he gave the ring to Judar.

"All you need to do is to rub the ring and the genie will appear," he said. "He will do anything you wish. Keep the ring always on your finger and no one can steal it."

Judar thanked the magician. Then he rubbed the ring and when the genie appeared, asked to be taken home. He climbed on the genie's back and they set off.

Judar's mother was overjoyed to see him, for she had feared he was dead. She told him of the hard life she had lived since he had been away and how the Sultan had seized the Magic Saddlebag and imprisoned his brothers.

"My brothers have been punished enough for their evil deeds," said Judar. "Perhaps now they will change their ways." He rubbed the ring and ordered the genie to fetch his brothers from the dungeon and then bring all the gold and jewels from the Royal Treasure House.





He climbed on to the genie's back and they set off.

In the dungeon, Ali and Ahmed were bitterly regretting their wicked deeds. "After all, we always had more food than we needed and Judar was always kind to us," said Ali. As he spoke, a huge genie appeared in front of their astonished eyes. He made the brothers climb on his back and he carried them out of the prison. On their way, they passed the Royal Treasure House. As the guard fell down in a deep sleep, the genie opened the door and casket by casket and trunk by trunk, all the

Sultan's treasure floated after them, back to Judar's house. Last of all came the Magic Saddlebag.

"Now we will live in luxury," said Judar and he ordered the genie to build them a great palace outside the city.

In the Royal Palace, the Sultan was furious and ordered that both the brothers and the saddlebag should be found. Then news was brought to him that Ali and Ahmed were living with their brother, Judar, in a magnificent palace which seemed to have sprung up over-



night, outside the city.

"It must be he who has stolen my wealth," roared the angry Sultan. He called out his whole army and sent them to Judar's palace, to take Judar and his family prisoners.

The army approached the gate of the great palace and saw that it was guarded by only one man. "We want your master, slave," called the captain and thinking that they could easily overcome one man, they began to advance.

However, the guard was really a genie and as the men advanced, he rose up and grew larger and larger, until he towered far above them. "Begone," he thundered. "No one comes to this palace without the permission of Judar."

He looked so terrifying that all the soldiers turned and ran back to the Sultan in great disorder. Nothing that he could say would persuade them to return, so in the end he decided to go himself. All the way he raged and thundered.

When he reached the great hall, where Judar sat on silken cushions, the Sultan forgot his threats, for lined up on either side of the hall were big, strong,

armed guards.

"Come forward, Your Majesty," called Judar. "No one will harm you if you send your soldiers away."

Trembling, the Sultan walked between the lines of armed guards, to where Judar sat. "I would like to be your friend," said Judar. "For I wish to marry the beautiful princess, your daughter."

The Sultan looked at the rows of guards and thought it best not to refuse. "I consent," he said: "But you must also obtain the consent of my daughter."

The beautiful princess was very pleased to have such a young, handsome and rich husband as Judar and the marriage was arranged at once. All the people were delighted and cheered themselves hoarse at the wedding.

At last, the old Sultan died and the people called for Judar and the princess to rule them, for they were known to be kind and wise and just.

Judar had forgiven his brothers long ago and now, seeing that they had proved loyal brothers, he made Ali and Ahmed his chief ministers and they served him well.



# THE RUBY RING

Once there was a beautiful princess, whose name was Julia. Although Princess Julia was very lovely to look at, she was not at all nice to know. She was selfish and unkind and she thought only about her fine clothes and her valuable jewels.

One day, the king, her father, gave her a wonderful ruby ring. She put it on her finger and as she moved her hand this way and that, admiring it, it sparkled and flashed like red fire. The princess was so pleased with it that she wore it all the time.



In the fish's mouth was the ruby ring.



One day, Anna, the maid, was combing Princess Julia's hair. She sat by the window and on the table in front of her lay her ruby ring and it sparkled as the rays of the sun caught it. At that moment, a jackdaw flew past the window. Jackdaws love shining things and when the bird saw the ring, it swooped down at once, snatched it from the table and carried it away in its beak. Princess Julia was very angry. "Stop the jackdaw at once and get back my ring," she called.

Anna, her maid, went running out into the garden, to try to catch the thieving jackdaw. She saw it perched in a tree and ran towards it. As she approached, the jackdaw flew away, but the ring slipped from its beak as it flew and dropped straight into the lake. "Oh dear, I shall never be able to get it back for the princess and she will be so cross," sighed poor Anna.

To Anna's amazement, a fish popped its head up out of the water. In its mouth was the ruby ring. She was even more amazed when the fish spoke. "If you will promise to bring me a slice of the royal cake every day, I will give you back the ring," said the fish.

Anna promised at once and the fish gave her the ring. She told Princess Julia about her promise, but the princess only laughed. "What does a silly fish matter?" she asked. "We have the ring back so why bother?"

However, Anna was determined to keep her promise and every day she went down to the lake with a piece of the royal cake. It was not always easy to get a slice of the cake and one day, there was no cake at all, for Princess Julia was out. Anna went down to the royal kitchen to see if she could find a cake anywhere there, from which she could cut a slice, but the head cook caught her.

The head cook was a very bad-tempered person and he marched Anna straight to the king and accused her of stealing from the royal kitchen. "Dismiss her at once," said the king. "We can't have that."

Anna went down to the lake for the last time. "I'm sorry, fish, I cannot keep my promise any more, for I am being sent away," she said.

The fish's head appeared above the surface of the water. "I will let you off your promise, if you will bring me one red



rose from the princess's garden" replied the fish.

"I will get you a red rose at once," said Anna. She ran to the princess's rose garden. There was the rose bush, but there was only one red rose on it. The rose bush grew by the sun-dial and on the seat beside the sun-dial sat Princess Julia, polishing her finger-nail until they shone. The ruby ring lay on the sun-dial beside her.

Anna was sure that selfish Princess Julia would not give her the rose, if she asked for it,

so, wishing to keep her promise to the fish, she crept up behind the princess, reached out and pulled the branch of the rose bush to her and gently plucked the one red rose. She let the branch go and it swished back, startling Princess Julia so that she turned suddenly to see who was behind her. Then the princess noticed that her ruby ring was not on the sun-dial where she had placed it. She was sure that Anna had come back to steal it. "Guards, seize that girl," she cried. "She

**Out of the still waters of the lake rode a handsome prince.**





has stolen my precious ring."

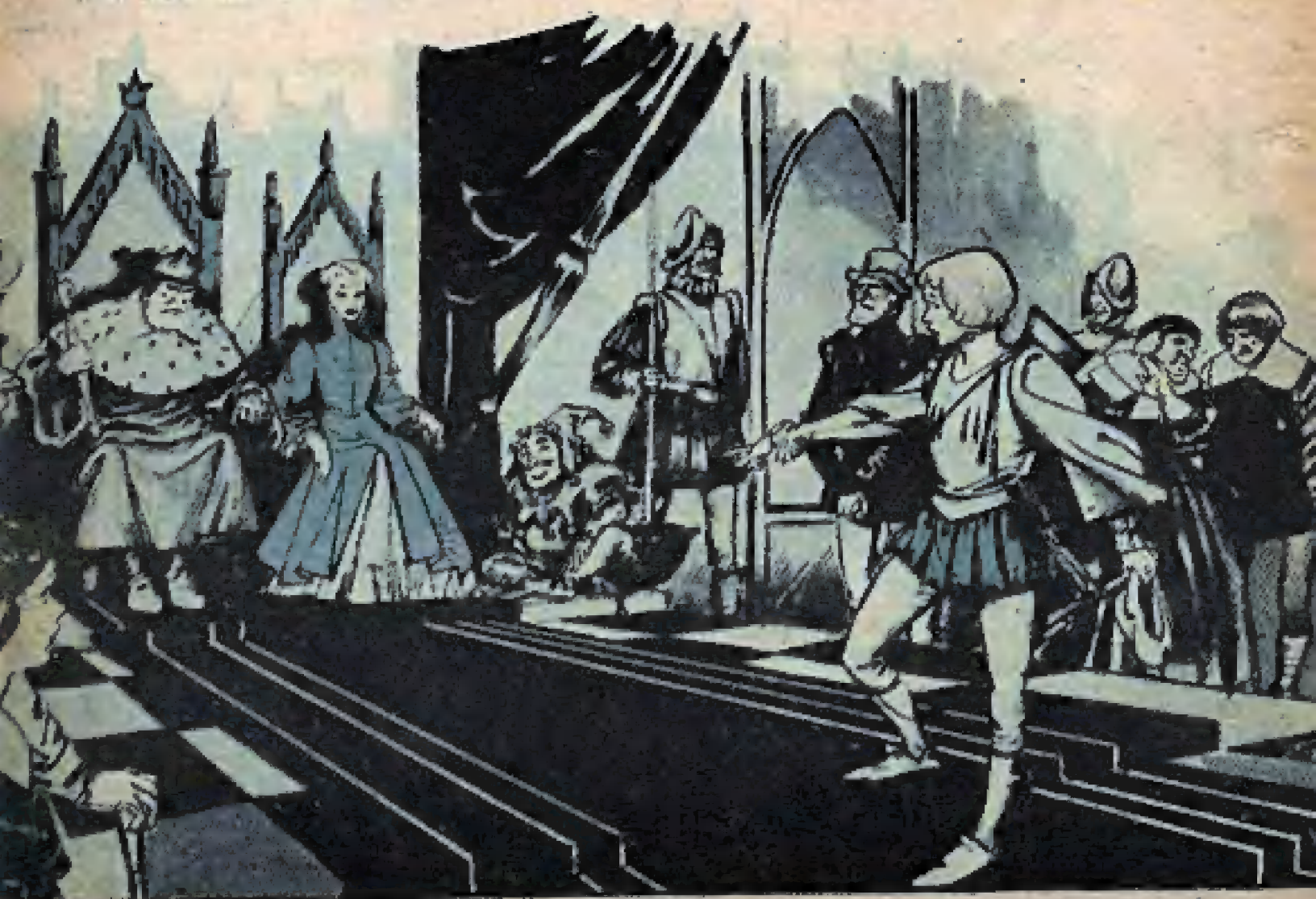
Anna fled, taking the red rose with her. She rushed down to the lake and tossed the rose into the water. The guards were close behind her and they caught her and took her before the king.

The king was very angry. "Where is my daughter's ruby ring?" he thundered and he refused to believe Anna when she said that she did not know and that she had only been picking a red rose to give to the fish in the lake.

"Whoever gives a rose to a fish?" asked the king, crossly.

Nobody believed that Anna was telling the truth, so she was put in a dungeon until the king decided what was to be done with her. Anna felt very lonely and miserable and then, in through the bars of the window, flew a raven. It carried something in its beak. "This is to show that the fish has not forgotten you," said the raven. It was a slice of cake.

Princess Julia was sure that Anna must have hidden her





ring somewhere, so she went down to the lake to look for it. As she stood there, an amazing thing happened. Out of the still waters of the lake rode a handsome prince, on a milk-white horse. Princess Julia hardly believed her eyes.

The prince rode towards the castle and Princess Julia ran to tell her father. "A handsome prince is riding towards the castle," she said. "I am sure he must be coming to ask for my hand in marriage."

The prince rode up to the palace and asked to be taken at once to the king. He was led into the royal throne room and there, sitting on two thrones were the king and Princess Julia, but the prince did not ask for her hand. "Where is Anna?" he cried.

"She is in my dungeon," said the king. "She has stolen a valuable ruby ring."

"You are wrong," replied the prince. He pointed to the skirt of Princess Julia's dress and everyone saw the ring, caught in a flounce of her dress. She had swept it off the sundial as she turned to see who was behind her.

"Set Anna free," demanded the prince and the king, who

was afraid of him, did as he had commanded.

As soon as he saw Anna, the prince asked her to marry him. "I was put under a magic spell and doomed to remain a fish until someone cared for me enough to obey my orders," he said. "You have broken the spell for me."

The prince took Anna on his horse and they rode away to his kingdom, where they were married at once. Anna became Princess Anna and she always wore the beautiful ruby ring which was a special present from the prince.





## DO FIRE-EATERS REALLY EAT FIRE?

No one can swallow fire and live to tell the tale. So-called 'fire-eaters' can be found in various parts of the world. They appear to swallow fire but it is a trick. Inflammable smoke and other things are taken into the mouth and flames shoot out of the mouth. It is a thrilling and awe-inspiring sight but exactly how it is done is a closely guarded secret which no fire-eater will ever give away!



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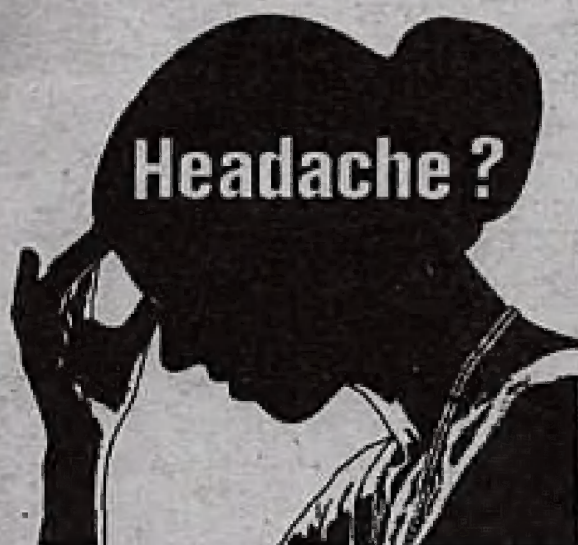




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# Wild Life



**M** for Marmoset, Illustrated is the Golden Lion Marmoset which originates from Brazil. Many, many years ago, ladies of the Spanish court used to carry these